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A HIS- TORY OF HARVARD

By *ALFRED K. MOE*

Harvard University
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
1896

24809A

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PREFACE.

Great men whose memory is today as green and wholesome as half a century ago, have transmitted to posterity the historic achievements of Harvard. They are achievements which have been accomplished by seriousness, achievements reflecting the staid light of our beloved Alma Mater. But, like in the great, busy world beyond our own College gates, there is a funny vein in life, if we but look for it. The "Office" is a mighty serious place for some of us, yet we never tire in attempts to think it a most grotesque retreat. And so it is with Harvard, and so it has been. In the short sketch of the College in these pages the endeavor has been to show that Harvard is *not* so serious an institution as some may have tried to make you believe.

THE AUTHOR.

CAMBRIDGE, June 3, 1896.

A HISTORY OF HARVARD.



CHAPTER I.

CONCERNING PREHISTORIC CANTABRIGIA.

IN the long ago, when the misty cloud banks which hung over the Charles River, then still undubbed, had not yet been broken asunder, and their contents scattered through the distant hills of Brookline and Auburndale, there existed a plot of grass-grown ground which could have been bought at a great bargain. In fact, land was so cheap then that our Indian ancestors thought it too vulgar to live on earth, and were hence continually engaged in an exterminating warfare upon each other, or canoeing on the Back Bay.

It was a golden age, thickly studded with mosquitoes and malaria, but happy because of the unknown horrors of hour exams,—an age which was snugly wedged in between the glorious periods of the Hundred Years' War and the founding of the "Old Howard." It was before the advent of basket-ball, lacrosse and the Weld Club "eight"; long before the era of College House, the Night Lunch Wagon and the Turkish Café; years before the coming of Grinder and Sporter. As I have remarked earlier, it was a calm, beautiful age enveloped in mist.

Chief Welchararrabit lay sunning himself one bright morning on the banks of the Flumen Carolus in the year of grace 1636. He had just taken his



Chief Welchararrabit takes his five o'clock (A. M.) tea.

morning's morning, and smoked a cubeb cigarette, and was now preparing to "bawth." This consisted in carefully pattering the clear crystal waves of the river with his big toes, while reading the overdue morning's issue of the *Euphive Gazette* (established 14 years).

And being in this wise engaged he suddenly he: the rhythmic sounds of the approach of \$39-canc and though he was just half way through the "a of "Overdone, the Maker of Men's Cloze," stopped to watch while the approachers approach. A moment later, he was paralyzed at the sight



The Arrival of the Puritan Profs.

14-00000

three large canoes shooting around the bend opposite which now stand the 'Varsity boat-houses and Davy Jones' locker-building.

In each canoe were beings of a different kind from those he had ever before seen. True, he had not yet "been to town," over on the Tri-Mount ridge, where he knew that peculiar persons had of late years been laying out roads, churches, and each other. But here, at last, they were.

"Now then, hit her up, stroke, for five more! There, that'll do; *let her run!*" came the talismanic



The Discoverer of the Charles.

words from what the Sachem thought must be the rear-admiral of the flotilla.

"Hallo, there, Chief ——!"

"My card, if you please," quickly put in Welchararrabit, flipping a birch-bark billet out into the azure waves. Picking up the missive, the bow-paddle looked at it and passed it along to all the rest. Finally the man who was reclining in the first canoe amidship unreclined himself and shouted in the pure Lancashire idiom of the Anglo Saxon :

"Be thees place Newtowne?"

The Chief, not to be outdone in politeness, replied, "It air thet, by gum!" Whereupon the aggregation of Puritans landed and held a council, being closeted with the Chief for ten minutes in a prairie-dog pasture, hard by.

The usual exchanges of presents having been made, the Chief telephoned over to Jarvis Field, where his camp lay, for a medicine-man and a horse-car to take back the consignment of "Medford" which the strangers had made to him. This village-camp was removed some years after to the other side of the Mystic River, hence giving to that place the flavored name of Medford.

It was the duty of the medicine-man, holding also the office of notary public of Norumbega, to verify the agreement by which Welchararrabit deeded to the "Yenghees" that area of land "between the $42^{\circ} 22'$ and $42^{\circ} 22' 30''$ of latitude north, from the sea throughout the land unto the South Sea."

Thus it happened that after this first meeting of the Board of Overseers, at the critical junction of the Indian trails, leading northward to the land of the Potawotamies, southward to the land of the Narragansetts, eastward to the land of the Massasoits, westward to the land of the Iroquois, now



The First Lecture.

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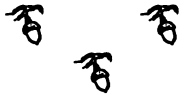
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known as Harvard Square, a solemn compact was made to build a "schoole-house, with ye annex for weemen," and an architectural committee appointed to butcher plans for buildings.

At this time there lived under the classic shade of Bunco Hill in dear old Charlestown, a certain young and thrifty but honest man by the name of Johnny Harvard, gent. This worthy citizen gave £779 and 8d, and three hundred novels, beautifully bound by Nacnamee, the Bounder, to the projected institution. The gift was made without premeditation or malice aforethought. It is rumored that Jack really didn't understand what a good thing he was until the Overseers, overcome by such unknown generosity in hard times, and overriding their own desires for immortality, gave the name of *Harvard* to "ye colledge." From that time Harvard began to give testimonials of merit to young men and boys who had faithfully cheated the prescribed number of Indians, and had taken elective courses in ploughing, Bible culture, and wood-sawing, to the amount of forty hours a week.



Ye Colledge at Newtowne.
(From an old print.)



CHAPTER II.

CONCERNING THE PRESIDENCY OF DUNSTER, THE FIRST.

"The situation of this College is very pleasant, at the end of a spacious plain more like a bowling green than a wilderness, near a fair navigable river."—*From a manuscript of the time of Dunster's Presidency.*

It was of such a place that Henry Dunster took charge as the first Prexy of Harvard College. The two years before his entrance to this magnificent



office, carrying with it a remunerative salary of forty chickens, eight swine and four kine, besides \$10 in cash, and "findings," had seen a revolution, young as the school was. One Nathaniel Eaton and wife were driven from this Eden at the point of the halberds in the hands of the infuriated and starved band of

students. These people, man and wife, had served up to the collegians, thrice daily assembled in the "Commons," a *menu* which would have made the modern Foxcroft Society emerald with envy. Eaton & Co., at the end of the year 1639, left the classic pine forests and green meads of Harvard, and went out into the cold, hard world like Adam and Eve. The students had Eaton their fill of these bonifaces.



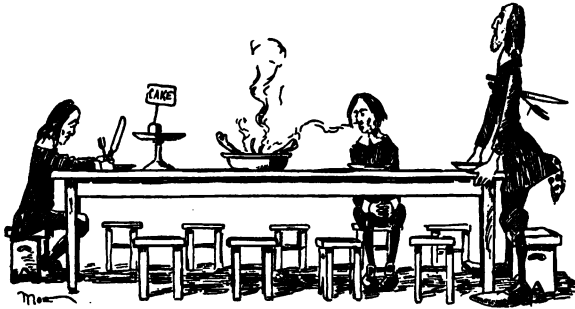
The Only Authentic Photo of J. Harvard.

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The bill of fare, which had consisted invariably of gruel, prayers and sarsaparilla for breakfast, genuine Allston clam-bake with fruit syrup for dinner, and cabinet pudding with Scrooby tea for supper, was changed to the better relished one of raw eggs and bromo seltzer for breakfast, beef and beans for lunch, and the following elaborate dinner: consommé jardinière, baked blue-fish, Belmont ham with spinach, ribs of beef and queen pudding; coffee, tea, fruit and cake. (Nestors had not yet come on the market.) All the men were in the pink of condition when Dunster took charge of them, but his system "was



The First College.



A Table d'Hôte at Eaton's.

pious and painful," as the historian remarks, with the very natural result that a great many were "stale" before the Commencement period drew

nigh. Dunster was a great man in that he encouraged college journalism. The first printing-press which shot off the *Harvard Monthly* was reorganized by him when he became President. The *Monthly* had to go, and in its place was printed the "Great and Only Successful," which after two issues* had to give up its spirit of enterprise; for woodcuts were as scarce as recitation cuts in those days, and cost many a "pun sterling."

On this press was also printed the King Jeems version of the Bible, which was later translated into Indian and Volapük, with Latin notes for the benefit of the students. But the sale of these editions, including the English, was so meagre that further efforts in that line of publishing were discouraged.

Dunster did one sensible thing before his contract was cancelled by the magistrates of Massachusetts Bay. He taught History in winter and Botany in summer; in this way organizing a beautifully balanced course of instruction.

One day as Prexy was walking through the yard to his palatial residence (a log-hut with Dutch brick trimmings), he met a student coming from the reading-room with three books under his arm.

"What are those volumes, my little man?" quoth the President.

"I cannot tell a lie, sir," answered the grind. "They are necessary books I have just succeeded in drawing from the library."

"*Veritas, veritas, veritas!*" Prexy mused; and the next day in Chapel he announced that hence-

*These back numbers are impossible to be obtained now; the only one extant being in the possession of Dr. Chinning, with whom we are not on speaking terms at present.



The First Prexy, Harry Dunster.

forth the college seal would represent three books with the legend "*Veritas*" on them. This was in 1643; and seven years later, the freeholders, constables and police justices, comprising the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay Colony, granted to Harvard College its great charter, which is now still to be seen in a fine frame costing \$2.39, without the glass, on the walls of Gore Hall. The same year it was decided at a Faculty meeting of the President—who in those days was strong enough to work—and the two tutors, that smoking the Virginia weed "shall henceforth be discontinued among the students." The students paid strict adherence to the rule, sacrificing Virginia cheroots for Connecticut Cabbage Leaf," now known as "Yale Fixture."

It is interesting to note that the pernicious habit of swopping old clothes, pigs and cows, and 100X 25-foot lots, for the tuition and board bills, began at this time. All business

was transacted at the Bursar's Office as now, but the office had to be kept open all night toward the end of the term to allow for incoming late cattle trains. A few extracts from the Bursar's journal may be of interest to the economist: "A pair of



Ye Faculty Vetoes ye Smokinge.

bootes for Abraham Smyth," "three pecks of peasse," "ane old Cow 4 quarters, hir suett and Inwards," "rose watter," "a ferking of soop," "a hogshead In which the ote meal was," "a lyttell browne Cowe." And although the American youth had already shown a Wall-street knack of doing business, it was the poor Indian boy who took the soap cake when he skinned an oxen and passed the carcass off on the President as choice moose, worth three shillin' a pound.

Dunster, in the end, decided against the baptism of infants, a decision which enraged the Overseers to such a degree that the good old man left the happy banks of the Charles and returned only to be laid away in the plot which may still be seen on any sunny afternoon opposite Johnson's Gateway. His memory is perpetuated by the little Alley known as Dunster street, and by the magnificent student dormitory erected thereon.



Term-Bill Day.



The Foolish Clever Indian Sells the Clever Foolish President "Moose" Meat.



Dunster, like a True Son of the South, Abhors Water even for Baptism.

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CHAPTER III.

CONCERNING THE PRESIDENCIES OF CHAUNCY, OF HOAR,
AND OF THE REDOUBTABLE INCREASE MATHER.

When Prexy Chauncy took hold of Harvard in 1654, the financial grab-bags of the College had great big holes in their bottoms. But the late change in politics made times better.

Factories sprang up in Chelsea, Worcester, and Shawmut, and the principal streets of Boston began to be cobbled, to get out of



the old rut of things. Harvard was affected as well as the Colony, and subscriptions, which had been holding off, now began to pour in, to the great joy of the eight-handed Faculty and the student body numbering in the neighborhood of fifty-eight and a half.* Among the subscriptions, which in nearly all cases were of a substantial nature, there were two "pewter flagons," "a silver beer-bowl," a mess of steamed hash (contributed for the Commons by the Christian Endeavor young ladies of Boston), a load of bricks from Werkendaam to build a new dormitory, forty-two classics, and a Hebrew Bible. This donation gave the College a new spur onward. Men began to study for glory instead of degrees, and Prexy Chauncy felt highly gratified when he learned of the increased sale of pine-knots, which

*A dwarf was in the count.

were then used in place of electric lights, until he found that every night these pine-knots might be seen slowly traversing the plains which lay between Cambridge and Boston.

Students who had urgent business in Boston after vespers, had their choice of a route eight miles long

through the catnip deserts of Brookline and Roxbury, or of another pleasant stroll through amphibious pastures and marshes in Cambridgeport to the open Bay, where luxurious dug-outs took them to the foot of Cambridge street. Both ways were popular, the aristocrats usually being discovered on horseback returning by the Allston route and over the bridge to Cambridge.

Nothing would have marred the peaceful reign of Chauncy had



The Old Way of going into Town.

he left undone the thing he ought to have done. He added a year to the three years of effervescent life at Cambridge, and the undergraduates made a long but ineffectual kick. They considered a three years' course enough for any man of gay proclivities, and thought that this additional year would break



**Mather and Stoughton "have them" after a Trip to
Town one Night.**



up the constitutions of a good many. But Chauncy felt as if he himself were a young fellow again, and the extra time remained. The seventeen men who rebelled did all manner of shameful things, even to lying under the trees and smoking during recitation periods.

Chauncy, who had grown to be an old man, and having had the great distinction of graduating the only Indian who ever came to Harvard, which was primarily a college for the red-man, betook himself away and was fathered unto his gathers.

Leonard Hoar, the succeeding incumbent, got the Presidency in some unknown way, and after giving the college his undivided attention until the thirteenth unlucky year, he was followed in office by the great, the paragon of virtue, Increase Mather, sacred to the memory of all melancholy and bigoted Puritans of today.

Increase Mather came in 1685; that is, he accepted the Presidency, but, like McKinley of Ohio, he never spent any time where he of right belonged, and was a straddler on the question of bimetalism. He was an expert on witches and cable-cars and subways, and could



A "College Widow" of the Puritan Days.

tell fortunes by cards—his game being “Seven Up.” He was an anti-Jacobite, which means that he hated all forms of French dishes and customs, but dearly loved the Orange, which was introduced into England in 1688. During the twenty-two years that Mather conducted the University he came over from Boston as much as four times. This practice has since been fashionable with some of the Faculty mem-



The First and Only Indian Grad. of College (taken for the Portfolio).

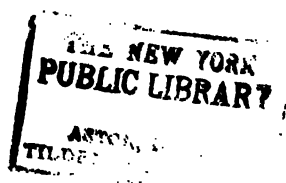
bers. It is said with some degree of reason that Mather was a Hun, as he believed in the supernatural and always came to the College on horseback. He was recognized upon these occasions by the students and the Janitor of Buildings as “Caligula and his Consul.” I suppose one or the other refers to the horse. I wonder witch! Mather, of course, was too busily engaged exasperating witches over in Salem, where, like the Ratcatcher of Hameln, he had a con-



The Puritan Freshy cometh to



Mather holds a Séance in the Yard.



tract with the Board of Aldermen to exterminate vermin and old women. Mather associated with him Stoughton, and the firm thus formed, with "Wonders of the Invisible World" as a text-book, made enough money to buy Boston Common and erect the first Stoughton Hall at Cambridge in 1699.

One occasion on which Mather came to Harvard was for the purpose of indulging in more bonfires, somewhat unlike those in Salem, however. Bobby Calef, a graduate,

who was up to date on witchcraft to a far greater extent than Mather, published a bright little volume in half vellum, octavo, entitled "More Wonders of the Invisible World." This little book surprised and chagrined Mather, and he fell

to grieving, and grieved until he bethought himself of sweet revenge. He had schemes to burn. But, as he could not get hold of Calef, he publicly, like Luther of old, would burn the odious volume in the College Yard, amidst the assembled students and proctors. He carried his plan out with much success, and in the midst of a heated discussion. It was the first and last Presidential bonfire in the Yard.

The last years of Mather's Presidency were enlivened by the founding of Yale College in the



"Caligula and his Consul."

colony of New Haven. The only consolation was in the fact that Abraham Pierson, a Harvard graduate, was the first President of the Elis. He was, therefore, in more ways than one, the best man to take care of the academy. And about this time originated that lively but rasping ballad, beginning

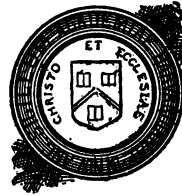
"Harvard was Harvard when Yale was but a pup."



CHAPTER IV.

CONCERNING THE MEDIÆVAL PERIOD OF THE PRESIDENCIES OF LEVERETT AND EDDIE HOLYOKE.

When Leverett the John had been installed as the eighth President of Harvard, there came a change in many things. With the departure of the old exciting witchcraft days of Mather went a good many other customs. The academic seal was altered, becoming the well-known one of the present time, with the words, "*Christo et Ecclesiae.*" These words which surround the shield, on which are the three account-books, have been made forever memorable by that historic personage, "Old John."



It soon became apparent to the knowing ones that, with the increasing demand for entrance to the College, something must be done for a new building wherein to house the surplus membership. The incoming Freshman classes had been getting greater and greater in numbers, and where to put them was a question which showered gray hairs in the wigs of the venerable overseers. Finally it was decided, come what might, that a new dormitory of fair proportions should be erected. It was to be called Massachusetts Hall, and was to become the abode of Freshmen and proctors. The Freshmen naturally made a protest against the latter part of this decision, but the vote of the Corporation sus-

tained its former decree, and since that time there has been a feeling between first-year men and



A Student's Room in 1720.

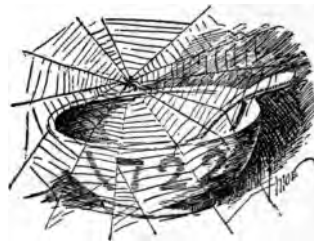
proctors like unto that existing between Eve and the Serpent. Massachusetts Hall was to have been built of pure Carrara marble and mahogany interiors, but at the last moment, while His Excellency the Governor was waiting to lay the corner-stone, news came that the sloop *Sunflower* had been attached by the crew for eack wages due, and the whole cargo taken to Philadelphia, where the stones had been sold to decorate a Quaker burying-ground. But Yankee ingenuity was not to be baffled, for immediately the students went down in a body to the "fair riuer" and cut slabs of water from its surface. The sun dried the moisture from the blocks, leaving a solid substance which made a

very durable brick. It is still possible to examine shells, fish vertebræ, and bric-à-brac in some of the bricks of Massachusetts.

And thus Massachusetts Hall arose on the spot where it still stands, a pride to the College, and an abhorrence at the "midyears" and "finals." For the noble hall, which was for more than a century and a half the abode of Harvard's most historic graduates, was converted into recitation parlors and examination rooms, and so became an eye-sore to the knowing and suffering undergraduate. It is now the home of "Fill One" and "Hist'ry 10," and all the rest of these Arts and Sciences diseases. It is the place where many an unsuspecting Freshman has gone into with lightsome heart, only to emerge with wan cheeks, and eyes that picture despair. For many E's have here been made,—so many, in fact, that the count is legion.

Now all this progress of the College in the erection of buildings, the introduction of scholarships, the increase of food in the Commons, and the printing of giant catalogues containing a full description of all the courses omitted that year, did much to dissipate the character of the school. A Committee which had been appointed by the State in 1723 to investigate the affairs of the College, returned this glowing report:

"Although there is a considerable number of virtuous and studious youth in the college, yet there has been a practice of several



By Order of the Faculty

immoralities, particularly stealing, lying, swearing, idleness, picking of locks, and the frequent use of strong drink . . . that the scholars, many of them, are too long absent from the college . . . that the scholars do generally spend too much of the Saturday evening in one another's chambers, and that the Freshmen, as well as others, are seen in great numbers going to town on Sabbath mornings to provide breakfasts."

Comment on this is unnecessary. It plainly shows how rapidly the customs of the College were broadening. The year before this, the "Commencers" were prohibited from having "plum cake, meats, pies, or liquors," in their rooms. We stand aghast. Were the authorities as far advanced as those of today, or are those of today degenerated to that barbarous time? Alas, alas, History truly *does* repeat itself!



Holden Chapel.

In place of the staid Commencement, which usually took place in August, on the hottest day of the year, there was a kind of picnic and fair to which all the neighborhood came, some coming even all the way from Dedham, but going back very unevenly. Things came to such a pass that the whole Colony began to fear for the good name of fair Harvard. This has been kept up more or less ever since. It is astonishing that any of us lives to see graduation day (according to the gossiping outsiders). But, strange enough, we live through our "horrible dissipation," and, seemingly, get along as well in the world as the rest of mankind.

The entrance into the community of Prexy Ed Holyoke changed the complexion of things, and gave



Ye Student of 1723.

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a tone to the College hitherto lacking. Holyoke was a good man, and as *all* old men were good in those days, it shows how preëminent his character must have been. No doubt, Holyoke street was named after him, but, after extended research, it has been found that all trace was lost as to the reliability of such an assertion. Is this perfectly clear?

As to the unwieldiness of the average student's breeding, it remained for a woman to solve this moral difficulty. Mrs. Holden supplied the money for the building of a chapel on condition that all students should attend regularly. A mass-meeting was called on the steps of Lower Mass., and unanimous thanks given to the lady for having saved them from moral destruction. On the opening



morning, the chaplain was agreeably surprised to note the vast assemblage for prayers, including two professors, three tutors, six students, and four hundred and eighty-two women and girls.

The college life after the opening of Holden in 1744 moved along quietly and painfully, until a great day of rejoicing came. It came to the suffering undergraduates as a free silver plank in the democratic platform would come to Western dele-

gates at the National Convention. It was on a balmy May day in 1755 that Mr. Holyoke with a paternal smile, surpassing even all latter-day efforts in that line, announced in Chapel that thereafter no further corporal punishment would be meted out, and, in token of the decree, broke a brand-new birch rod in two—over the dorsal fin of the final culprit,—a Freshman, of course,—who had failed to commit to memory four thousand lines of Ovid for the seven o'clock recitation of the morning before.

At the close of his speech the President was vociferously applauded *by the six students*, and all the College (and women attendants) arose and sang with great emotion the topical song, "*Gaudeamus Igitur.*"

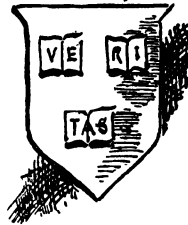


CHAPTER V.

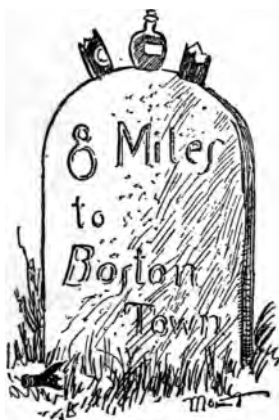
CONCERNING PRE-REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

The abolishment of corporal punishment clearly develops the fact that the state of affairs was undergoing a change. The study of Hebrew and Irish was made optional, and the world shown that Harvard was not a college for persons of one or two denominations. The Physical Laboratory was refitted with a reostat, an electric light plant, and dumb-bells, and the courses in that department became largely *conditional*. All this advance was unfortunately to be wiped out. In 1764 the small-pox became a fad in Boston, and so marked was its progress that the General Court, which was, on the whole, considered an old-fogy body, retired to the sylvan retreats near the Charles and beyond it.

Now it is uncertain how it all started. Some say the Court contemplated a kind of house-warming. Others that a man, burning with rage, had been seen to enter the building. At any rate, the venerable Harvard Hall took fire on the cold, blustering winter's night of January 24, 1764, and before the Cambridge Volunteer Fire Department could be aroused from a 2 A. M. slumber, the Common and Harvard Square were lighted up with the burning Hall. By promptly assembling the College, a great disaster was averted. Those of the fellows who had not gone home to eat the succulent goose with "paw an' maw," were delegated to hurl large, snowy



snow-balls at Hollis and Massachusetts, with the result that the flames were barred by barricades of snow-drifts. Hollis Hall, which was brand-new, having been erected the previous year, suffered only slightly from sunstroke and gutting, covered by insurance. Reporters of the *Boston Lobe* and *Cribstown*, who were hurriedly sent out to find where the fire was, arrived on the scene two hours after the flames were squelched.



They described the scene of the conflagration as superb in its grandeur, and demonstrated that Harvard never did anything by halves. All was lost,—physical apparatus, cameras, and the newly-invented machine for testing the resistance of spring chicken croquettes to the human jaw. The men conditioned in Physics were converted to the Faith through this intervention of Providence.

The library, which had its abode in this building, was totally lost with the exception of two books which were out, one "Ye Haivenlee Tweens," and the other an argument on the fate of Lot's wife, "Shewing causes why ye woman was turned into rock rather than table salt." The loss in books, American History Leaflets, and English 22 Themes was irremediable.

Many are the stories told of that night. One of

the students, who did not go home for vacation to his distant farm on the Hackensack meadows, was heard to remark as he gazed with tear-stained eyes on the melting icicles, "Hot ice." Another pathetically remarked to a friend standing near, "Well, I do hope ye Hall's namesake is not having ye same kind of a time." Harvard Hall was soon afterwards rebuilt by subscriptions and brick-layers.

No sooner had the Harvard Hall fire grown cool than the fire of patriotism began to burst forth in Boston. Lieut.-Governor Hutchinson had gotten himself into trouble with the Stamp Act enforcement, and the students of the College took sides with the populace. The spirit of '76 and sour mash was beginning to gather force in them. They were more enthusiastically jingoes than either Chandler or Lodge. Authority was no longer respected, and poor Holyoke was at his wits' end as to how he should repress the effervescent Demostheneses and Ciceros.

In 1768 the Faculty passed a rule requiring all students to hand in excuses for absences from recitations. Immediately there were excited calls for



Jim Otis.



meetings, and one was held under the big tree in front of Hollis. After the most intense excitement, during which several Freshmen were distinctly heard to burst forth with the awful oath *darn*, and many Sophomores actually shook their fists at



Wadsworth House, the Seniors declared the rule unconstitutional and hateful, and decided to give the school which had tried to shake them up, the shake. The President called out the militia from the Third District Police Station, after having read the Riot Act and Magna Charta. The police were



"1769" declares for Homepun and Free Trade.

THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF LENOIR
LENOIR, N.C.

as successful as these officials of the law usually are in the yard. The riot continued, the dead and wounded being taken care of in U. 5 as fast as they could be brought in. The Seniors asked to be transferred to Yale, and the other three classes refused to play in our yard, and desired to be dismissed. This was the only year on record in which the popular expression, "To Yell with Hale," was not popular. Holyoke lost his courage; and, under the excitement of the times and the promptings of Jim Otis, the Seniors of '69 graduated in homespun, just to be spiteful.



CHAPTER VI.

CONCERNING HARVARD DURING THE REVOLUTION AND AFTER.



IMES had got to such a pass that the conservative old Sam Locke wrung his hands in agony in the silence and gloom of his room in Wadsworth House. In vain he protested as he saw the students rehearsing sundry speeches about "stamps." In vain he sent out proclamation after proclamation, forbidding debates and Freshman harangues. The trouble continued to grow. Harvard felt herself drawn into the revolutionary maelstrom, and made little effort to get away. The President remarked that it was usually the rich men who said they didn't give a hang about "stamps,"—it was the poor youth who hankered after that commodity. After the Tea Party, it was no strange sight to see many of the students bring their tea to the Commons and steep it there for supper. It was the only way these conservatives could drink the Occidental potion, for the Commons would no longer patronize the tea sellers. But even tea was forgotten in the bustle and commotion which were caused by the invasion of the College precincts by the Continental Army. "The shot that was heard around the world" was naturally heard in Cambridge, only seventeen miles away from Concord. It is now a patriotic sign to see a man half shot on the anniversary of the fight at Lexington. All the

excitement previous to the war had led to many disturbances in the College. The men were getting imbued with a fierce desire to vent their elocutionary powers, and as there was then no English 6 or a Mr. Jayes, it was decided to form a society for the promotion of public speaking. The result was the "Speaking Club," and so successful were the first years of its existence that it was deemed necessary to establish a branch of the Φ . B. K. as a sort of safety valve.



The first Man on the
 Φ . B. K.

In 1777 it was rumored that Burgoyne's vanquished army would go into barracks in the College while awaiting transportation to England, but luckily the college buildings escaped that disgrace, as Burgoyne considered the warehouses on Federal street superior for quarters.

There is no need to tell of the joy at the first American flag raising. How the students and muckers congregated around the flag-staff and sang with great feeling (especially the pickpockets) the first, second and last stanzas of a hymn the title of which has since been forgotten or lost. No need to tell of the raptures of the young men when they gulped in that instrument of liberty, the "Declaration"; nor is it necessary to prove that Boston was crowded the night it was announced that Cornwallis had fit his last fit, or that the "innes" did a flowing business. It was a Harvard victory as well as an American, for Harvard men had joined with the

Virginians in modelling and framing the government.

The first lull after the turbulent raging of the Revolution followed immediately upon the election



The Declaration is read to an Admiring Throng of A. P. A.'s on Harvard Square.

of George Washington as first President of the United States. The Southern contingent in the College now took possession. The "blawsted

Hinglishmen" had packed their trunks, sold their Latin and Greek Lexicons, and had departed for the old country. It was the Southern men, now, who gave the school its character for some years to come. The Class Day exercises, which had been begun in 1760, had now, after a lapse of thirty years, grown so boisterous that the Faculty thought it would be best if things that were, were not. Before this time, trouble had broken out in the Commons. It was nothing new to hear of riots in the Commons, but one morning the news reached Prexy Willard that the whole college, tutors and all, would be confined to their rooms indefinitely. The cause primarily was that a new rule had been passed providing for regular examinations, a rule which was naturally obnoxious to the student body. The cause secondarily was the mixture of tartar emetic with the Commons food, and the result a general longing for home and mother. The minions of the President discovered as principals, one Trapier, who was rus-



A new Show comes to Town in 1795, and the price of Pudding rises.

ticated; one Sullivan, who was sent to Groton to recuperate; and one Ely, who was ticketed to Amherst for five months.

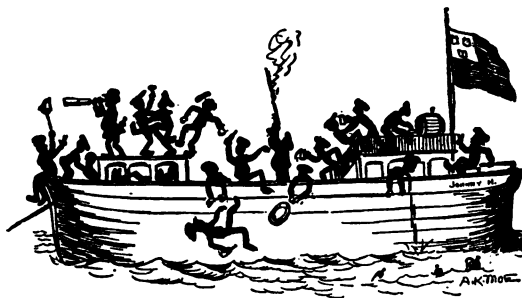
In 1792, the Freshmen, taking example from their illustrious fathers, declared all men equal, and consequently refused to doff their hats, as was their custom, to Seniors. The Seniors made their claims to consideration in vain. Not even the most convincing argument in blackthorn and brass knuckles could appease the Freshmen. They were emanci-

pated. But it is doubtful if such a result could have been obtained had the matter been left with the student body. It was natural for the Faculty to get on the wrong side of any question. They always chose the unpopular side. They stuck to the Fresh-



men—since the upper three classes were on the other side of the push-ball. The Seniors had wanted something-to-play-with. They had lost and the “childs” were jubilant. Great rejoicing immediately took place, and with considerable solemnity they hacked a fine shiny “beaver” to pieces with a little fire-axe they had stolen somewhere. The axe was ne’er returned and is a subject of research to this day.

In 1795 all the dead walls in Cambridge bore three sheet posters with the information that the "Sphinx" had come to town. It took up its quar-



The Annual Cruise of the Navy Club.

ters in Hollis and began its remarkable run. Not long since, it gave its rooth performance, with great display, and a marvellous *oleo of artistes*. Right on the heels of the Hasty Pudding Club came the Navy Club, with its Admiral, "boazun," "coxy," and brandy cocktails. The members were all used to getting a-sea, though not in their courses. They held all kinds of queer beliefs—for instance, that a man could get sea-sick on land as well as on the sea. The organization flourished for half a century, but at length its cruises became justly famous throughout eastern Massachusetts. The Great Bay fishermen made formal complaint to the legislature that the fish were being scared or demoralized. Appeal was made to the Faculty, and this august body gave the Club the ultimatum of either becoming tars, or graduates. They graduated.



The Pierian Sodality, 1808.

Nothing marred the serenity of the next few years except possibly the advent of the first Chinning, who developed into an exceedingly adroit politician; the building of Stoughton by state lottery, and the formation of the thing of beauty and the joy forever—the Pierian Sodality. This society was conceived in a spirit of fiendishness in 1808 and it at once made itself heard. Among the selections in its repertoire were the “Yellow-haired Laddie,” “Fleuve du Tage,” “Boston Cadets’ March,” and “O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi’ me.” When we learn how these musical pioneers used to go away on Xmas trips to Cotuit and Podunk, and how they were everywhere received with open (fire)arms, we can scarcely wonder at their present greatness. They are now the hirelings of the Deutscher Verein, and other wicked organizations whose chief aim is to dye their moustaches in beer. It is said that there is no possible hope of a hereafter for these “spielers,” as they fiddle away their time, and blow in their substance.



CHAPTER VII.

CONCERNING THE PRESIDENCY OF KIRKLAND THE WISE.

John Thornton Kirkland had been a clergyman for a dozen or so years "in town" when he was called upon to guide the peculiar destinies of Harvard. In those days it required a *good* man to have charge of this College, and Kirkland was the man, goodness knows. With the coming of Kirkland a new stimulus was given to things collegiate. The *Harvard Lyceum* was published in 1810, being the first undergraduate periodical. But the beauties of English had not yet grown to the grandeur of the later times of Burritt Vandal and Ashill, and the inglorious *Advocate*, and so the poor little periodical went to that great heaven of amateur periodical literature, where it has since been joined by a semi-dozen of successors, the last of which departed this troubled world in the nut-brown autumn of the year 1895.

If literary pursuits were not successful, military ones certainly were. Even the Engine Company, organized among upper classmen for the purpose of putting out "fires," was very successful for a while. The

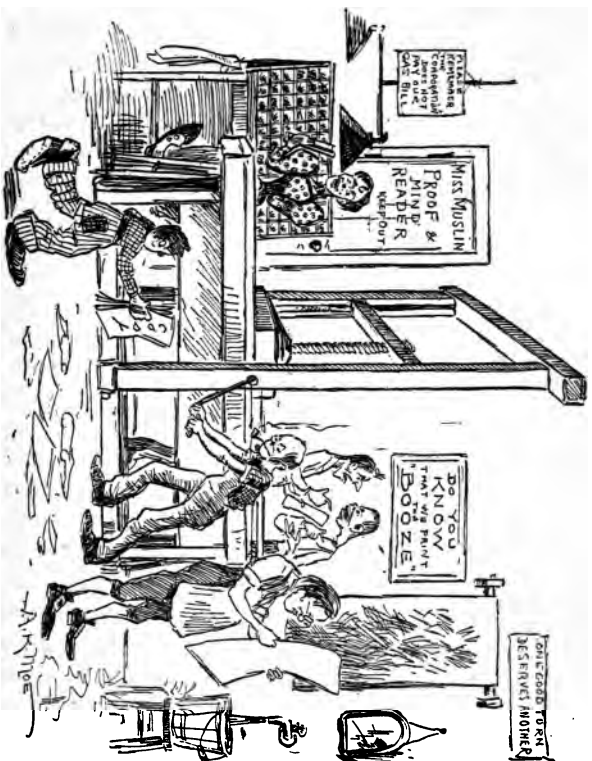


Little William, '27, in 1823.

Dean has since then merged the object of this Company into those of his own.

John Thornton Kirkland was a man who could mix religion, politics and military matters with his punch. Consequently, he was one of those who viewed with delight the organization which was to change the bellicose conditions of the time to the eternal glory of the Union — the Washington Corps. Warlike though it had been advertised, it never did anything more terrible than eat a banquet at Porter's "Hotel" in Brighton. It was also reviewed by President Monroe, who happened to be in Cambridge getting opinions on his doctrine from the learned historians and political economists of the University. The President complimented the Corps and shook hands with all of them, and then in the rush of business let them slip out of his mind — and they never got back again.

Kirkland, who was fond of walking, had West Boston Bridge erected soon after his inauguration, in order that freer communication might be opened up between himself and 50 State street, where he drafted his salary. A sidewalk was built on one side of Main street for a mile toward Boston, greatly facilitating the objects of the Peripatetic Club. Other improvements were under consideration. An imaginary high-road of traffic was mapped out through a pasture to the north of the College, and named Kirkland street. Just where Oxford street would have met Kirkland in those days, the Shooting Club used to hold its outings. Pigeons of clay were not killed, neither was the solitary turkey which its owner used to train to dodge the



The Home of the Harvard Madvocate.

grape-shot poured forth at it from the belching muskets of the Gun Club. The man who owned the turkey only charged a "trifle" for a shot at the bird. But then, as now, the members were so successful in raising a score, that the owner usually had his cariole come for him at vespers, and departed with his live bird and his pockets full of "trifles."

With the glorious period of Monroe, the prosperity of the College increased to such an extent that Freshy came from places at a distance never before tempted — Dighton, Pawtucket and South Natick. The average age was much less then. The result was that the Freshman Class assumed a rather Lasellian air, being in the nature of kindergartenites. Such a thing as a *blasé* lowest class-man was unknown. One little William wept as he spoke of the "low, thatched cot and his mama he had left," in the words of Virgil

*"Me excipit amplexu
Feliciaque oscula junxit."*

In spite of their youth and their proclivities for haunting the "stack" in Harvard Hall, the students were frequently seen in town; often to the great annoyance of the inn-keepers and the confectionery store girls. When the May vacation came, these youths, instead of petitioning to get away three days beforehand, in order to get home to Cohasset in time for "sister's coming-out reception," took up quarters in town, and spent them in gambling on Tremont Mall on "Nigger 'lection" and "Artillery Election" days.

It is not the historian's province to tell of the doings of the terrible Med. Facs, who appeared in 1818. Suffice it to say that this society is appar-

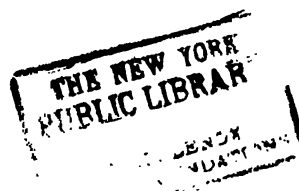


Before the "Widow" came
Hard grinding was the Game.

ently in working order four score years since it was incepted. It is difficult to say whose pride it is, but it is not Norton's pride. It is necessary to



A happy and profitable Afternoon on Boston Common.



pass swiftly over the indigestible tale of the fracas of 1819 between the Freshmen and Sophomores.

"And thus arose a fearful battle;
The coffee cups and saucers rattle;
The bread bowls fly at woful rate
And break many a learned pate."

(*Written on the Spot by the "President's Freshman."*)

The new Commons were desecrated by this boarding-house row, which would have done justice to a "below the decks" fight of the present day in Memorial. Kirkland was mad to the soles of his feet. He actually said, "By George, I will put a stop to this darn nonsense," and summarily ejected four score of future clergymen, lawyers and merchants. Some were received back into the fold, but the rest were given their degrees a number of Commencements subsequent, and three of these lusty young feed-casters were not given their parchments for *thirty-two years*. Let this be consolation to some of you who are monkeying with the nitro-glycerine flasks of U. 5. All things come to him who waits!

CHAPTER VIII.

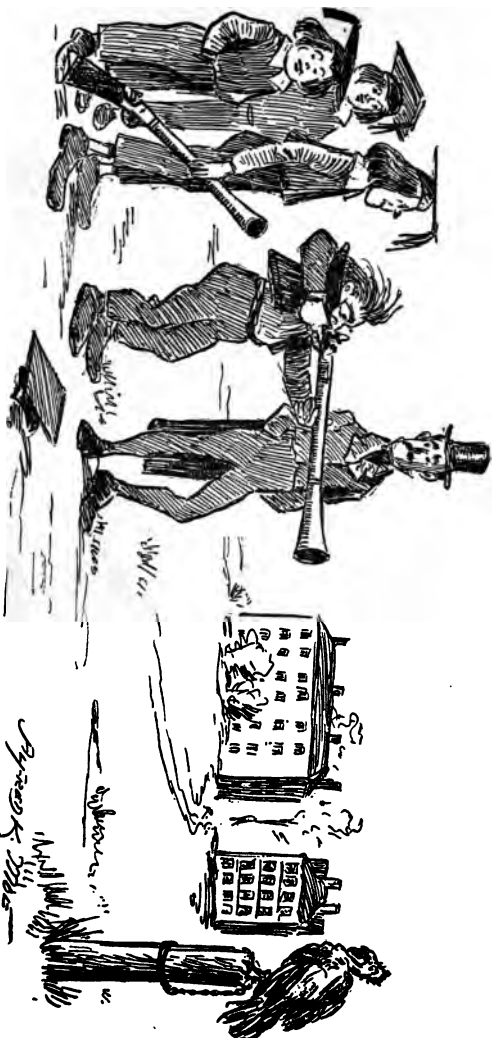
CONCERNING THE INNOVATIONS OF KIRKLAND AND HIS FACULTY.

Now it came to pass in the game that Kirkland the Wise played, that examinations were thought best when presented after the manner unique of



A Most Enjoyable Oral Examination.

Hay Hay Jayes. From the lengthy documents *à la* blue-book the style was changed to the oral method. Immediately there went up a howl, especially strong in the cribber's department. And no wonder the



The Shooting Club on an Outing.

howling was weird and long drawn out, for the oral examinations were uncanny and awful, very much like the present-day History 1 conference article. But Faculties are like the Brook belonging to the English versifier, in that men may come and men may go, but they go on forever — until they reach (let us hope) that exotic region so beautifully advertised in Dante's "Inferno."

When lamentations and tears gave out, the Freshmen were still unchilled, and to keep up their "bawling" they surreptitiously appropriated, with malice aforethought and their hands, a score or more of dandy black cannon balls. These were started on "the down trip" exactly at the incandescent hour of one A. M. in Massachusetts Hall for several evenings. They not only, in their journey, gave note to a series of Wagnerian operatic airs, but forcibly interfered with or accelerated the downward progress of a proctor who was on his way to the pump to partake of his "night-cap." There was little doing in these years so far as social functions went, and hence the series of balls which the students in Upper Massachusetts furnished were received, as we have before mentioned, with a great deal of *éclat*, and in some quarters with much excitement.

Perhaps the "trun down" of the Faculty on the examination question might have been overlooked, but insult was added to injury when, not long after the events just mentioned, an awful announcement was heralded forth in the following words:

"No undergrad shall be an actor or in any way a partaker in any stage plays, interludes, masquerades or theatrical enter-

tainments in the town of Cambridge, or a spectator at the same, under penalty not exceeding two dollars."

The proclamation fell like a cup of ice-water over the thespians. At any other time it would have been all right, and nothing would have been said;



"Ye must quit Dawncing," said the Faculty.

but now it came as a cruel blow in the face of Thalia. Boston could offer no entertainments. The Adams House was just in progress of construction; Marliave's was not yet conceived of, and Columbus avenue was a pasture; the "old Howard" was closed pending the production of a magnificent array of talented young beauties in a burlesque of

surpassing grandeur, numbering 38 — lovely girls — 38. In short, Boston was the place to spend a *mauvais quatre-heure*.

The members of the Dutch Verein, who were upon the point of producing a tragedy, with a ballet, named "*Der Eingebildete Invalid*," were paralyzed. So were the people who had put up two good dollars for a season ticket to the tragedy. Looking at the action of that Faculty at this remote day, we scarcely see that they were so very barbaric. Such things have happened even in civilized modern



Getting back at Him.

times. As a rebuke to the corporation of gentlemen in hiding behind the fortified and holy shield with the three books thereon, the Freshmen — as



The Mucker of 1825.

learned in the tongue which was to Demosthenes, Plato and Sophocles as English 6 is unto us. It is also believed that the Memorial Committee is a latter-day extension of this Freshmanic body.

With the increase in international questions, and the dispute arising from the debates, it was deemed expedient that a

Freshmen must and will do—formed a part of themselves into a symbolistic order.

Today we are not of the Greek turn of mind, nor would we delight in masquerading under a foreign title the length of a Foster "dog," but that is what the Freshmen of 1822 did. Their organization bore the top-heavy appellation, ΑΚΡΙΒΟΛΟΓΜΕΝΟΙ, which meant that they cared for anything else more than for Greek. It was this society which patronized the building of College House—"Wiswall's Den," as the spot was whilom known. And the house has ever since been the abode of men



The Mucker of 1895.

periodical should be published, in which uncertain undergraduates, certain post-graduates, and positive graduates of more than s'teen years' standing might vent their pent-up knowledge of the laws and rights of nations. The outcome, of course, was a paper, *The Harvard Register*, which ran for a short time, and fell dead from over-exertion.

Now it chanced that when Kirkland's days were full and he had prospered in the land which he had prospered, that he laid aside the sceptre and seal of the College, and left his dormitories, sports and grinds to the tender manipulations of Josiah Quincy, who stood high in the councils of the Bay State.

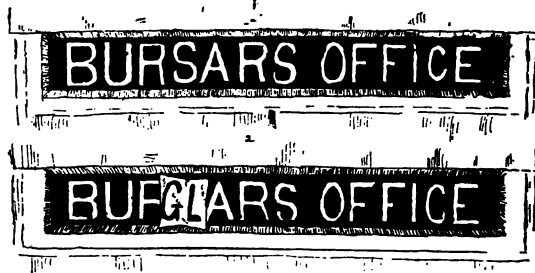
And it was sad to think that the reign of a great man had ceased, and the business was left to other rain makers.



CHAPTER IX.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF QUINCY, THE SON OF HIS FATHER
AND THE FATHER OF HIS SON, QUINCY; QUINCY THE
GREAT, THE ONLY! WITH FAMILY EXCEPTIONS. QUINCY
THE FIRST AND LAST, YET LAST AND FIRST. SELAH!

With the inauguration of this President, Harvard emerged from the shadow of mediævalism. She entered the period of renaissance; her customs, her mannerisms and her money changed. But the Bursar still lingered; he lingers still. It was now that the era of innovation began. Buildings were builded, and the lawns seeded and board walks



erected. The turnpike to Boston was graded and made faster by seventeen seconds. Students began to be faster and those in the eating-houses faster. Sectionalism appeared. Heretofore, everyone had come from near by or Brookline, but with the "thirties," and the change in the tariff, the Southern host begat courage and came North to Harvard. And they came in such numbers that soon the balance was turned and the Sea Islanders ruled the Shawmuts. The Southern men were all rich, all

gamblers, imbibers, and had carpets in their rooms. One thing they longed for but could not get,— matches. For matches were not yet. Naturally these men were proud of themselves. They came from the land of Andrew Jackson, Tillman, Clay and Calhoun. They smoked “twisters,” and spurned “Blackstones” and Prexy. That was the cause of the Great Battle between the Rikki-Tikki-Tavi Southern students and the Great Nag Quincy and his wife Nagaina, the Faculty, in the big bungalow in Cambridge cantonment, to quote the “Jungle Book.” The war began in May, 1834, and in June, 1834, it was ended, and this time poor Rikki-Tikki was killed, for the Great and Terrible Nag and Nagaina had struck their blow and broken his back. Nearly all the Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors had been expelled for making chapel disturbances. This was brought on because a man from Dixie thought he knew more about Greek than the Albino instructor who had been brought up on the sunny side of Parnassus. Eventually the classes got back to work, but Quincy never smiled again, though the Southerners felt prouder than ever and began to use coal for their fires, which Quincy could not afford, causing him great envy. Now, about this time, these men took unto themselves a new garment,

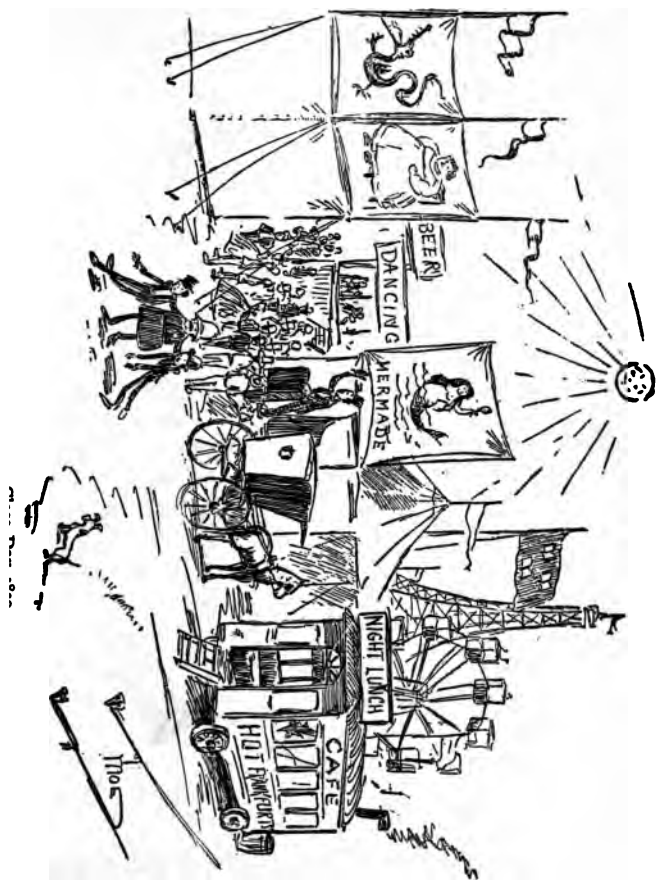


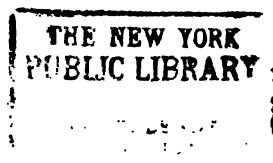
known as the "College Toga." 'Twas a thing of beauty and a joy forever and was worn in the summer. It was due to the creative genius of Ma'am



The College Toga.

Dana, the predecessor of Mrs. Buckland, and it was solely manufactured by her in a little house opposite Wadsworth, which then was the home of Prexy. From his lair he could watch the Ma'am above re-





ferred to, busily turning out the diabolical costumes which his puritanical cerebrum detested. The suits were made of gingham, and often cost as much as a dollar and a half, if the purchaser desired lace around the edges. The fashion plate herewith printed will furnish a sufficient idea of the beauties of the "Toga."

In order, however, to appreciate fully the spirit of the times, it is necessary to take a glance at the Class Day of long ago.

When that morning came it was impossible to recognize old Cambridge. There was dust to burn. Car-

riages, horse and baby, drags, drays, victorias, hansoms, herdicks, coaches, chaises, and everything under the sun with wheels, were tearing along the roads to Harvard. The great highway, the road to the Mecca, Menotomy road, now Massachusetts Avenue, was as crowded as Tremont street is on a busy day at noontime.

The Common over by Georgie's Elm looked like a congress of rough riders and circuses, and two or three county fairs. The number of tents always denoted the popularity of the graduating class. There was a constant stream of humanity flowing from the Common to the Taverns on the Square and back again to the Common. The College



A Class Day Reminiscence.

Yard, while it was the headquarters, did not offer the attractions of the other parts. After the exercises in the church, the College hosts swarmed forth and the revelries of the day began, and continued far into the night. Some revellers kept it up for several days and nights longer, but such cases of heroic constitutions were few. The great beverage at these Commencements and Class Days was punch, iced punch. And it was made in such quantities, and the rum used was of such vital quality, that a sip of it today would cause loss of all self-esteem and every other quality. It was made in Willard's Tavern, but, in the words of the poet,

Hardly a man is now extant
Who remembers that restaurant.

From this Tavern the punch was sent on its deadly errand throughout all the College. It was served sparkling to all comers, even to the guileless sub-freshy who had just passed in. It did the work intended. Its powers were extensive; it extended on the greensward everyone who drank it, and it had the one effect of uniting the entire College in brotherly love for at least that day. The perpetual feud between Faculty and Undergrads discontinued, after the nature of the "truce of God." Willard's Punch did then what nothing can do now — it made the College truly Harvard.

What with punch and the side-shows out on Cambridge Common, the day became a mark in the calendar of every family from Saugus to Norumbega. In one of these side-shows there was exhibited a wonderful creature. The sign said: "The



Lugging Punch from Willard's.

Mermaid, which the same was taken by two mariners belonging to the sloop *Verity* in Shalure Bay, and is certified by three settled ministers of those parts."

"There is nothing like the old times," and the above would lead us to believe the saying.



CHAPTER X.

CONCERNING THE HARVARD OF TODAY.



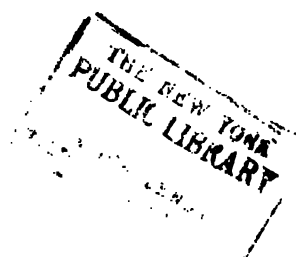
HARVARD'S celebration of her two hundredth anniversary transfers us to modern history, as it were. The events from that time until now are the history of our own times. This is the era of "John, the Orang Outang," of the Dean, and Semitic 12. The University has broadened. It includes all sects and sex. We jostle Chinamen, Japs, Turks, and Yale men. Israel is with

us, too. We are beginning to assume that famous indifference so often heard of and so little seen.

Presidents Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, James Walker, Cornelius Felton and Tom Hill all preceded the unique Mogul of our day. Nothing of importance in the eyes of LAMPY took place in this time with the exception of the Civil War. At this time great numbers of Harvard men left to go to the front — seats in the lectures on "The Heroism of the Unionists." These same men later liberally contributed to the Hall which commemorates the names of those who, with Teddy Rosiefield, would rather fit than feed.



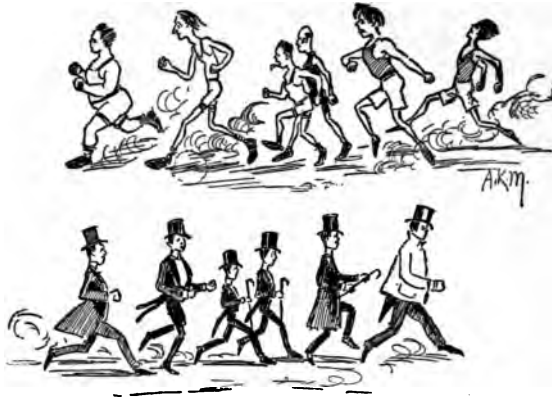
Prexy Attempts to Demolish the Foot-ball Tree, 1895.





Puzzle — Find the Freshman.

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North Avenue — Then and Now.

Memorial Hall was built in the years 1874-76 on the European plan and on the Delta where the foot-ball games of yore used to be played. It now contains the slabs reminiscent of departed ones and ribs of beef and steam pudding. The hall is a fitting Memorial to the dear dead friends who here laid in the foundation of a dyspepsia which took them to a happier hunting-ground than is Cambridge — or Waltham. The building boom thus auspiciously begun con-



The "Nice" Man in Sawin's.



Lampy and the Ibis.

Junior's bliss, and the Senior's consolation — *The Harvard Lampoon*. LAMPY flourished from the start, and his insignia is a bird, you can warrant.

In the early years of Prexy's administration there came into being that institution where five o'clock teas originated,— the Annex. This seems

tinued until the **maximum** of architectural **grotesqueness** was reached in the **Frogg Musée**, and now **we want** no Moore.

In 1876 was founded that source of all human **happiness**, the **Freshman's delight**, the **Sophomore's joy**, the



Miss Ann Echs.



U. 5—so near but yet so far.





A Full Meeting of the Lambscon Board.

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1900





Arrival of "Cap" in 1850.

to be the first known instance of the rise of the New Woman. Radcliffe, as the Annex is now called for short, seems to have developed on the lines of that lusty ballad of "The House that Jack built." Women love to be near men, and this is no doubt the reason for the establishment of the Old Women's Home on Garden street. No sooner was the Annex started than it began at once to push the College.

In order not to be outdone by Radcliffe the University authorities decided to introduce two new courses to retain the great mass of the independent attendance at snap lectures. Accordingly, Chinese I and Semitic XII were placed in the list of electives. The latter course is still much sought after, in



The Chinese Professor.



The Walks in Spring.

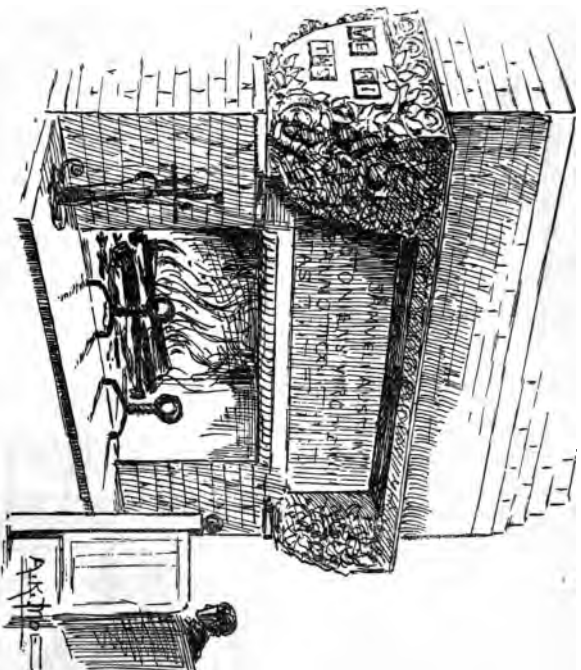
growing rapidly into importance. In fact, the inducement to study Blackstone and Torts, and Pleading and Contracts, was so liberal that the great influx of embryo shysters necessitated the building of a new Law School. The chief features of the building are its barbarously lighted

spite of the fact that last year only two score B's were given in a class of fifty-Chinese, however, did not take. The only word most of the men could remember was "chop sui," and this was scarcely sufficient to pass them. After every man in the course had been dropped with 13 per cent, the course was discontinued.

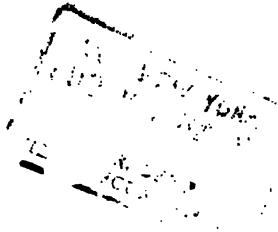
About this time we find the Law School



The Walks in Winter.



Where Law is thought out.



library and the big hearth and chimney-piece. At this hearth many a student of law has been fired with enthusiasm in his perusal of the latest novel.

The next great event which stirred the College to its foundations and brought tears into the eyes of all A men, was the Boston mas-

sacre of 1880, in which the members of the Phi Beta Kappa were assaulted by the Law while boisterously on their way home. The officer claimed

that the entire batch was beastly drunk. The "rank" men said they were "perfetly shober, ole man." A. B. Chart, who was on the spot, corroborates the last statement. But the trick was out. The University was made aware of the dissipation in this learned body and came to the conclusion that paleness of the skin and rings beneath the eyes may be caused



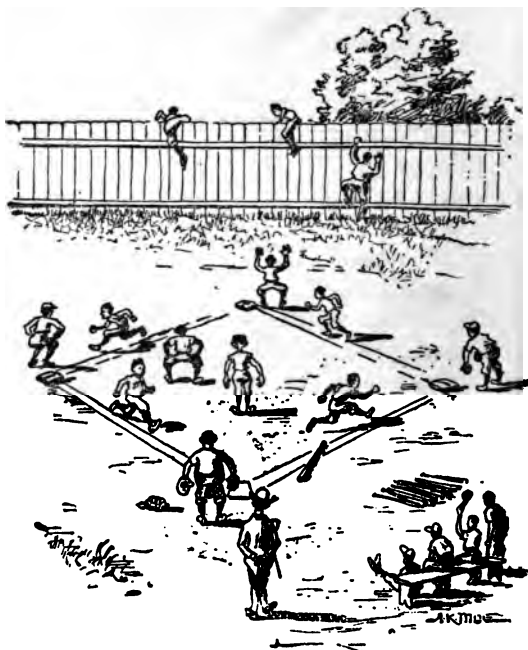
History I begins.



Deah Burritt, doncheknow.

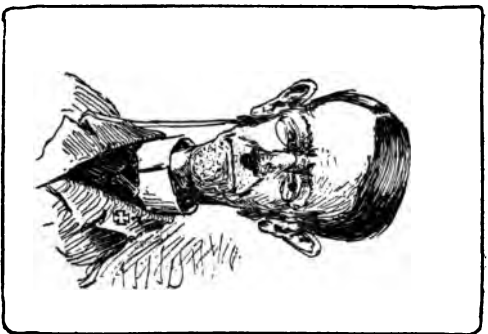
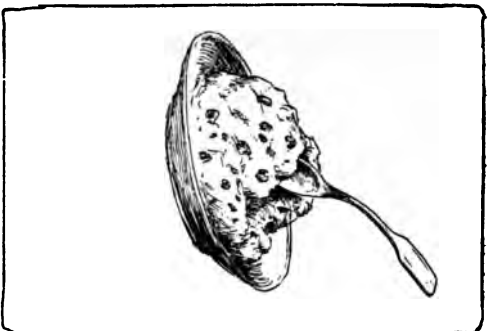
by other means than burning the lamp of crepuscular dimness.

What with Chinese profs. and the introduction of History I and the Beaver Hat and Burritt Window



With the 'Varsity.

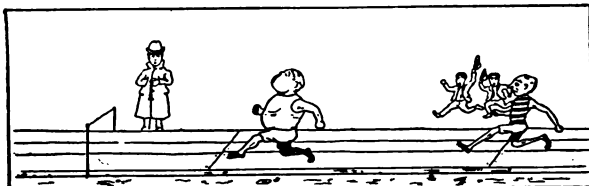
we have lost sight of athletics. It may seem a startling statement, but about this time we used to regularly go out of town to see the Crimson do up the Elis. Gossips never blamed us then for living too near Boston! Then came the never-to-be-for-



Cause and Effect of the 1860 Φ . B. K. Dinner.

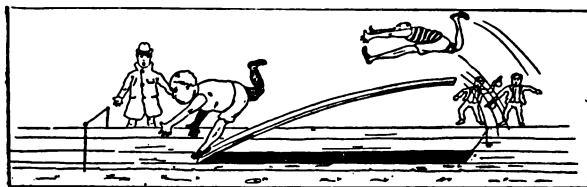


gotten night when we returned with the eleven demi-gods who had waged bloody war at the Spring-



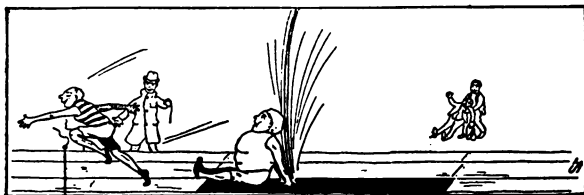
A Hot

field trotting park. The chess players and debaters were forgotten, and had to be contented with "Fri-



Finish on

day evenings." The memory of that victory will last longer than the crimson paint that was lavishly



The Board Track.

spread on Johnny Harvard's blushing cheeks, over on the Delta.

The last great event in Harvard's prismatic story is her connection with the World's Fair. In her exhibit, which covered a great deal of wall space, and told a lot about the University which no one would dare to read except at the imminent risk of getting cross-eyed, she made herself famous. These statistics are preserved in Lower Mass., where they will inspire future generations of Freshy with his



Harvard's Exhibit at the World's Fair.

own insignificance, and enhance the vast importance of Archie and the War that never ends.

It will not be out of place to dwell a few moments on the great men of modern Harvard. From Prexy to the Janitor of Buildings there is a long line of famous beings. We are all well acquainted with the Man-with-the-Smile, the Man-with-the-surly-Countenance, the English Department and the

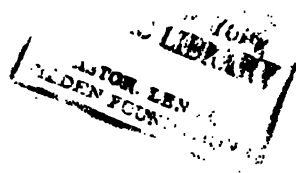


Little Billy.





Old John at the Age of Five.



French Exhibit. There are others. We must not forget the "frind" who has, according to *his* state-



What we would wish to see on Commencement Days.

ment, been with us for ninety years. His name is John, John Lovett, but we like best to call him "Old John." Like the queen of the ballet he never grows older, yet never younger, and when in a few years we return to review the places of our infantile years, John will still be here, and trying to talk English. We must not forget patient old Billy, who has not only gladdened but also saddened our hearts with letters, from *her*, from home, from the dun. Donovan, too, has found a place in our

bosoms, but this worthy disciple of Station E, Boston P. O., like Billy Russell, is yet too young to really



The busy Harvard Man.

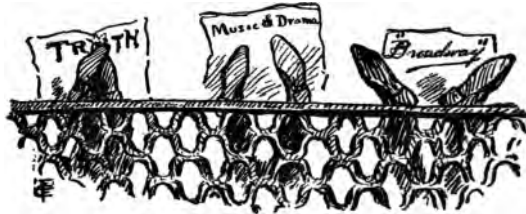
enslave our affections. Then, too, there is that "nice" man belonging to Sawin, who checks our trunks year after year and forgets to send his bill. And last but not least is that good friend, the thirsty man's haven of content, Herby Foster. Let us all who know him hope that he may long be spared to shake up an egg-'n-milk, Horse's Neck, and all the other famous beverages.



Foster's Corner.

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Harvard has since 1890 assumed the matronly air which of right belongs to the most dignified university in the country. The Passamaquoddies and Narragansetts and Massasoits are no more; neither the Mathers nor the "punchers" in Willard's Tavern; but Poco is yet with us, and Chinning, and Le Risible Brigantines, and the others whom LAMPY has smiled with; but of those who must stand out bright in the dim cycles of time, to throw a reflecting light of these days, "Herby" Foster and Old John will be the chiefest.



THE END.



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